Heat of the Night by Silvermoonphantom (Daitoshi)

Category: Danny Phantom
Genre: F/F, M/M, NSFW, Rich history, Size Kink, Smut, Toys, insertion
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2015-07-14
Updated: 2015-12-21
Packaged: 2022-12-16 10:07:01
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Underage
Chapters: 6
Words: 3,055
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Story URL: https://archiveofourown.org/works/4341734
Author URL: https://archiveofourown.org/users/Daitoshi/pseuds/Silvermoonphantom
Summary:

A series of prompt-inspired smutfics. Not related to one another.

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters, Dash Baxter/Danny Fenton, Jazz Fenton/Ember, Vlad Masters/Clockwork
Comments: 8
Kudos: 330

Chapter 1

Danny/Dash - Swagger Bishie - NSFW - Size kink

When Dash had said he was big, Danny had figured it was a teenage boy's bragging. When he had felt it pressed insistently through a pair of jeans, during a heated makeout session, he had to admit the other teen was fairly well endowed.

When he had first seen it in person – live, HD, surround sound, he might have paused for a moment, frankly astounded.

The jock seemed embarrassed, broad hand pulling it up and against his belly, almost like he wanted to cover it up. Danny knelt down, batting those hands away from it and cradling Dash's cock in his own hands.

Holy shit it was huge.

He brushed a thumb over the flushed tip, mouth falling open as it twitched slightly in his grip.

Holy fuck he wanted it inside him.

Danny shuffled his pants off, pressing his body against the blond's, greedily drinking in the way dark blue eyes fluttered shut. The glorious length nudged against him, dragging in the crease of his hip. Danny wrapped his hand around it, reaching up to pull down Dash's neck for a sloppy, heated kiss.

Dash seemed to love the attention, cupping Danny's face for a moment before turning the two around, pressing the smaller teen against the wall. He rolled his hips, fascinated at the way he could pull delighted little hums from Danny's throat.

Already expecting certain limitations on the night, Dash was shocked

and incredibly aroused when Danny hissed in his ear.
“I want you inside me, now.”

It put him off balance, almost as much as the stronger-than-expected shove that sent him tripping onto the carpeted floor.

“Wha-“

Danny was straddling him, icy eyes staring hunger into his soul. He had produced lube from somewhere, an a condom, but it was a bit of a blur to Dash, who had thrown an arm over his eyes in an attempt to last longer.

But …Oh, that was happening.

He could feel the tightness sink slickly around his head, a little jerk letting him know when the tip had breached the entrance. Dash knotted his fingers into the carpeting, trying desperately to let his partner set the pace, agonizingly slow as it was.

He’d never… People had tried, but no one had ever wanted him like this. He was too big to be comfortable, he had to be.

Dash whimpered after he peered out from under his arm. Danny was sitting over him, head thrown up to the ceiling and eyes wide and blank with arousal. The boy’s arm was reaching behind him, fingers fluttering along the base of Dash’s length, tight heat trembling around him.

Something changed in Danny’s face, a wild sort of determination. He looked down, meeting Dash’s eyes and sending him a fierce grin, bearing down.

“Ohgod.” Dash pressed his own head back into the carpet, breathing tightly through his nose as the impossible pressure sank down. Finally, he felt the back of Danny’s legs touch his own thighs, weight settling on him.

He blinked up through the fog, releasing the carpet to smooth his hand across his partner’s thigh. Danny’s face… Jesus Christ.

His eyes were vacant, half-mast and turned internal, fingers twitching

slightly where they had rested on Dash's stomach. He didn't dare move, for fear of jostling or causing pain somehow.

A breathy laugh cut the tense silence, and Danny blinked back into himself, mouth quirking up in a triumphant smile.

"So what do you say we get this party started?"

Dash rolled his hips slightly, grabbing Danny's thighs as the boy groaned, smile falling away as an overwhelmed moan crept out of his throat.

"A-after all. Hah." Danny was talking again, head hanging down as he lifted himself slightly, bearing back down with a quiet whine. "Big things come in small packages."

Dash couldn't help the snicker that rolled through him, the tiny bounces distracting his partner enough that he didn't try to make another stupid pun.

Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Pompous Pep, Toys

While the 'Naked' bit had been part of his plans for the evening, being the only one nude and tied face-down to a bed really hadn't featured. He felt a finger trace down his spine, curving around and brushing a rather sensitive area. Vlad sucked in a breath, pulling vainly against the leather straps pulling his arms apart, and his knees together under his chest.

If there was a way to feel more exposed, it didn't come to mind.

"Hey Vlad, remember those toys you mentioned last week?"

He heard a familiar sound of cloth straps unbuckling, and a faint whirr of a vibrator. It shut off quickly, with a quiet breath of laughter, like the young man hadn't meant to activate it in the first place.

Soft silicone pressed against his opening gently, wiggling little circles that made him want to squirm. Some sort of cold lube was drizzled down into his ass, goosebumps breaking out over his arms.

The toy pressed harder, blunt and chilly and just starting to stretch him open when a buzzing noise startled the older halfa into jumping.

"Oh, shit, sorry. My phone's going off." Vlad groaned, pressing his head into the covers as a faint beep told him the boy had answered it."

A warm hand stroked over his flank, fingers kneading into the muscle.

"Hey mom. Yeah, still at Vlad's house."

The man's cock jumped at the realization of who was on the other line, a bizarre mixture of horror and arousal warring in his gut.

“Mmmm ok, actually, I’m just helping him make dinner now. A bit late, but he had business stuff to work on today. Ye- No- Ah, okay, okay. Just a second.”

Suddenly, the blunt toy was pressing up against his chilled hole, pressing in insistently. He bit his lip with a quiet snarl, muscles trembling at the idea that Maddie was still on the other line – could hear him if he made any noise.

“Here, hold this.” The toy sank inside him, flicking on with a muffled buzz.

Vlad jerked violently as the sensations crashed against his prostate, pupils narrowing to slits as his automatic clench only made it press harder.

“Yeah, thanks, Vlad. What was that you were saying? Lemme grab my laptop, I think I have the files there.”

With one last pat and a playful wiggle of the vibrating plug, Danny left the room, leaving Vlad straining over the bed, chest stuttering as he tried to suck in breaths past the electricity coursing through his brain.

Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Jazz/Ember (No real bleeding)

“Sometimes I feel like I’m overthinking everything.”

Jazz furrowed her brows at the ghost in front of her, ignoring the exasperated look sent her way. Halfway through what was supposed to be a sultry dance, Ember dropped her top, striding over to where the redhead was sitting on the bed.

Pushing one knee up on the bed, she straddled Jazz in an odd sort of lunge, slender fingers capturing the girl’s face and bringing it up to meet hers.

Their lips met in a gentle, chaste kiss, the breathy sigh of her name making cold blue flames jump higher. When she slid to the side to sit on the bed as well, Jazz followed her mouth, pressing sweet butterfly kisses in an attempt to keep the gap closed.

Warm fingers trailed up pale blue ribs, falling away before reaching any higher. Jazz’s teal eyes were half-lidded, the curve of her lips turning down.

“Like, I have a thousand nice things to say about you – to you-, but all that comes out are statistics and dumb references to old books.”

Jazz laid back on the bed, helpfully arching up when Ember started pulling at her shirt.

It was an interesting feeling, to have the cold static of a ghost pressed up against her bare skin, a faint flicker keeping rhythm in an echo of a heart. Jazz wrapped her arms around the slighter figure draped on top of her, breathing slow and relishing in the quiet moment.

Ember nuzzled the teen’s neck, looping her arms around Jazz’s waist and pulling her closer. Black stained lips brushed the shell of her ear, sweet voice practically purring.

“If your love his trapped inside your veins…”

Jazz bit back a quiet sound when she felt the slight pinch of teeth on her earlobe, stomach twisting in delight when a leather-clad thigh pressed up between her legs. She wriggled, hitching one leg up and trying to grind forward on the limb.

“Then I want to see you bleed.”

“y- yeah…?”

Chapter 4

Of course it was for business, why else would he be getting this fucking stressed out over a stupid outfit. Vlad yanked his collar straight, scowling into the mirror. It certainly wasn't because this was a couples retreat and he didn't have a partner.

He folded up his cuffs, securing the small gold cufflets and standing up straight. Still perfectly tailored.

Vlad sighed, long hair falling over his face as he shrugged on his suit jacket, long fingers quickly securing the familiar buttons. He'd just have to go stag. Almost painful yanks brought his hair back into its classic ponytail. He'd have to get a haircut soon. It was getting long.

He tucked a teal handkerchief into his breast pocket, turning on his heel to walk out the door. The color in the mirror gave him pause. That was… the same color as Maddie's eyes. He swallowed, jaw tightening as he ripped out the scrap of silk and tossed it on his bed.

Whatever, the helicopter was leaving in just under an hour. He didn't have any more time to dither over silly things.

Shiny black shoes clicked on his marble staircase as he descended into the lobby, a familiar heat rising in his chest. Faint wisps of pink-tinted steam escaped past his teeth, blue eyes narrowing at the bronze-skinned figure that stood casually in his foyer.

"And who are you supposed to be?"

Languid red eyes turned up to look at him, blinking from clearly ghostly red into a more human distribution of color. They crinkled at the edges in a gentle smile.

"I didn't expect you to recognize me. For now, you can call me Elian Keep."

Magenta flames bloomed around Vlad's hand, fingers curving into claws.

"And what are you doing in my house?"

The ghost delayed his answer, casually strolling up the stairs toward Vlad.

Pure white hair was pulled sideways into an elegant braid, a jagged scar working down over one eye. The ghost - surely it must be, despite the human skin tone and now-brown eyes - ignored the threat in Vlad's flames and reached up to pat his chest.

A bowtie of pale pink was looped neatly around his neck, tucked under the ghost's collared shirt.

Vlad noticed tiny carved gears on each of the buttons, and a stylish watch on his wrist.

"Well," The ghost finally answered. "I guess you could consider me your plus-one?"

Vlad glanced down, finally noticing that the ghost had, at some point, tucked a purple handkerchief into his breast pocket.

Vlad scowled, reaching up to pull the handkerchief out of his pocket and half-ready to transform. and teach this ghost a lesson. His fingers closed around the fabric, and a texture caught his attention.

Embroidered into the corner was a tiny gear, the same color as the fabric around it.

Something niggled at his memory.

"Well?" The ghost asked, already at the bottom of the stairwell. One hand was raised invitingly, offering to hold Vlad's hand as he descended.

"You don't want to be late."

Vlad took his hand.

Chapter 5

Summary for the Chapter:

More Rich History, now with voyerism!

“God, ahhn….please!”

Vlad’s silver hair was splayed across the rich mahogany of his table, face flushed and breath practically coming out as steam. He exhaled in quick, shallow bursts, fingers scrabbling against polished wood.

White hair tickled the sides of his knees, crimson eyes practically staring into his core as the rhythm continued to pound into him, ruthlessly opening him up. Clockworks’s hands were solid on his waist, pulling him in so their skin met with loud, sloppy smacks.

The halfa whimpered as his partner suddenly slowed, fingers digging into the soft flesh just above his hip bones. A sudden strike to bury himself inside the man, and the ghost stopped all movement.

“I could restart time again, if you wish.”

Vlad whined, shaking his head clumsily and trying to buck his hips up. Black gloved hands held him down.

In the board room around them, a dozen men and women sat frozen, mid-conversation and unaware of the scene before them.

Clockwork stroked a palm down Vlad's overheated chest, smiling amused at the tiny stream of flame that hissed out between human teeth.

Clockwork pulled out, reaching down to rub the slick head over Vlad's opening. Reddened, tender skin twitched slightly as he toyed with it, and Vlad's pained look strained further.

A deep flush had overtaken the man's face, crawling down his shoulders and chest in a show of embarrassment that the ghost rarely got to see.

The master of time hummed, nudging the tip back in and delighting in the way that Vlad arched his back, breath sucking in through the pale column of his trembling neck. So sensitive.

He leaned forward suddenly, grabbing Vlad's wrists and slamming them on either side of his head, pinning the halfa securely. He had a moment of wide blue eyes looking up at him before they snapped shut again under the fierce thrusts that resumed.

Practically effortlessly, Clockwork snapped his hips back and forth, bouncing Vlad on the table and smiling at the way strong thighs clamped around his ribs, heels digging into the curve of his spine in a silent plea for more.

Chapter 6

Summary for the Chapter:

Unfinished

It was hard for a centaur to clean up after messy sex.
Even more complicated was a certain clydesdale deciding that his rear was as fine a place as any, to lay claim.

Yet, despite the trouble of it all, and the ache in his joints after supporting the stallion's weight pressing down on him, he couldn't help but look eagerly forward to their next meeting.
It could never be predicted, Vlad's whims.
The prior week, he hadn't seen hide nor hair of the clydesdale in nearly a week - today he could see the elegant profile trotting with impressive grace away from his parents. It seemed like they had just finished a quick chat, and his father was looking cheerfully toward the horizon, making grand, sweeping gestures and stamping at his foot to make a point.

Danny couldn't help letting his gaze sweep over the silver sheen of Vlad's dappled shoulders, or the proud curve of his neck.
Dark blue eyes caught his own, and Danny flushed when he realized he had been caught, pawing nervously at the ground and making a half-aborted gesture as if to walk away and pretend he hadn't been looking.
Vlad just looked amused, and made a slight gesture with his hands toward one of the lesser-used barns, where Danny knew they could be out of sight from the rest of the herd.

His breath caught in his chest.

Now? It was the middle of the day! Everyone was milling about, and it was barely a day after Vlad's last… interest in him.

He nodded despite his better judgement, heading in that direction even as Vlad trailed away to speak to some other young mare. He could hear snippets of their conversations, and the silky slide of Vlad's voice as he poured on the flattery.

Danny hoped that he hadn't misjudged the tilt of the head, but pushed himself to jog as briskly as he could without drawing attention to himself.
He slipped around the side of the barn, running his hands through his headhair in an attempt to calm himself, wondering what preparations he could do without any supplies on hand. Going honestly dry like the stallion had suggested last time… despite the spike of arousal he felt at the suggestion, fantasy was far different than reality.

He hadn't seen a pack around Vlad's waist, either. Would he really try…?

Danny heard the familiar, muffled clop of hooves on packed dirt, and turned around just in time to see Vlad turn the corner and start striding toward him, head held proudly and dark blue eyes glittering down at him.

The yearling stood his ground, his own chin tilting with more bravery than he really felt.

"I hope you brought supplies" he spoke, tone sharp despite the low volume. He didn't want to attract any unwelcome visitors. The open sky and lack of walls around them was making him anxious. He *also* didn't want to get hurt - a sure thing, if Vlad tried to mount him now.

Danny shuffled so he stayed facing the stallion, noting that he was already sliding out of his sheath, larger body angled toward the yearling as he tried to circle around.

It was obvious he wanted Danny to see.

"I might have something tucked away behind those barrels." Vlad purred, stepping in close and sliding his hands over Danny's shoulders, to cradle the sides of his head in what could almost be called a romantic gesture.

Danny pulled away.

They were in this for the physicality, nothing more. He didn't…

This wasn't about _feelings_.

Still, Danny felt his heart clench angrily at the disappointed expression that flitted briefly across the stallion's face, replaced quickly by exaggerated dismissal.

"If you'd be so kind as to prepare me, we can get started."
Danny found himself stepping automatically toward the barrels, before stopping and looking over his shoulder. Really? Would he be the one…?

But no, Vlad didn't have the look of someone granting a favor, and Danny realized he'd be applying lubricant before they began, in their normal arrangement.

He pinkened about the cheeks slightly, used to being restrained in some way, or told to stand a certain way before having Vlad just… do whatever. To be a more active participant…
He retrieved the items and returned, probably looking as uncertain as he felt.
"On your knees." came the low voice, and Danny didn't even realize his legs had folded until he had to crane his head to look up at Vlad's face.

The stallion stepped closer, and Danny could smell him, could feel the heat radiating off a sun-warmed coat.